

## Try Me

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## Try Me

by [hydralilies](#)

### Summary

“How am *I* the idiot here?” Cockiness laced each syllable, and George felt something carnal churn in his chest. “I have *proof*. You, on the other hand, have literally nothing.”

George felt his lips open before he could clamp them shut. “How do I know you’re not lying?”

He regretted the words immediately. They’d slipped out. An *accident*.

Dream was less the wiser, and humor continued to drive his words. “Oh *please*, George. What, you don’t believe me?”

Or, George doesn't believe Dream's packing. So, he decides to prove it to him.

### Notes

Hi!

I'd like to preface that I co-wrote this with a friend, but we kind of dropped out of writing it after a few weeks. I found it in my files and decided to post what I have! :)  
I'll finish it for sure, as there are only currently two chapters done, but only one more is necessary. Next chapter will be out in a day or so after I reread it a few times!  
This started as a funny nsfw joke about Dream's ego and stuff and it evolved into this LOL

My [Twitter](#) :)

As per usual, if Dream and/or George state they are no longer comfortable with ship/nsfw fics, this'll be immediately taken down.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Natural Curiosity

It had started as natural curiosity.

At least, that's what George had told himself. A mantra in his consciousness, repeating over and over.

But it was hard, when it happened *so* often.

Subtle teases in passing that slowly evolved into something new - something *dirty*. It was hard to keep his mind from going *there* when they talked about it so often. No conversation lasted long when the topic was brought up. It was mostly jokes and poking of buttons, just to get under each other's skin. But, as curiosity often was, George found his mind wandering elsewhere.

He was almost disgusted with himself for thinking those thoughts, even if they were in passing - brief but lingering, just in the back corners of his brain. Keyword: *almost*.

But curiosity was persistent. *Very* persistent. And George was easy to fall victim to its grasp.

They hadn't been doing anything in particular, on that day. Talking about anything and nothing, comfortable silences filling the gaps in between. George had been lounging in his gaming chair, feet tucked up underneath himself and sweats comfortable around his hips. His headset was nestled into the forever-indented part of his hair, listening as Dream rambled about this week's past football game.

Admittedly, he had tuned out his spiel for a few moments. It's not like George particularly minded Dream's rants, but it was *American football*. His nose scrunched up at the thought.

His gaze had unfocused as Dream talked, images blurring together and his monitor bleary in front of him.

"George!"

Dream's voice was stern and slightly raised, tapered with the lilt of laughter. It snapped him out of his haze instantly, blinking a few times to clear his vision up. His eyes refocused on Dream's discord icon, idle in its spot.

George found his voice again. "Sorry, what?" It was genuine.

Dream still let out a scoff, although it was clearly lighthearted. He was used to George zoning out during their voice calls. "I *was* talking about an incident in yesterday's game, but *clearly* -"

George groaned, rolling his eyes, although he knew Dream couldn't see it. "Oh, shut up. Go on, repeat yourself before I hang up on you." He didn't mean it, obviously, but he couldn't pass an opportunity to tease.

"Ouch. Can't believe you hate me that much." Dream feigned hurt in his voice, and George could almost imagine the way he'd lean back in his chair and fist a hand in his shirt, just over his heart. The thought made him smile, just slightly.

"You're so dramatic. Get on with it." George readjusted his legs, letting one dangle off the chair and swing languidly under his desk.

There was a low laugh in his ears. "Okay, okay. So, you know how football players wear, like, cups?"

The brunet furrowed his brows in confusion. "What?"

Dream let out a perplexed groan. "To, like, protect their fucking dick and balls, George."

He barely had a reaction. They'd talked about *much* worse. "Oh, okay."

"Yeah, 'oh'," Dream paused to readjust himself in his chair. "Anyway, I guess one of the guys forgot to wear it, and he, like, got absolutely *nailed* in the nuts. Had to be taken out on a stretcher and everything."

George lifted an eyebrow. “ *This* is what you wanted to tell me?”

Another laugh echoed in his headset. “I dunno. Thought you’d get a kick out of it.”

“Dream, you literally told me about a man getting *hospitalized* because of a hit to the groin. Poor guy probably can’t have children now. What about that is funny to you?” George was teasing again. There was humor in his voice.

“I mean. It’s a *little* funny, come on now,” Dream said back.

“Mm - no, actually. Didn’t laugh.” That didn’t mean he wasn’t smiling, though, because he surely was. Dream’s humor was insufferable, but the lightness of his words carried an infectious feeling of happiness though the speakers in his headset. Even George wasn’t immune to its effect. “Besides, I highly doubt there was anything even there to begin with. He’ll be fine.”

He tacked the last part on as an additional tease, but he *should’ve known*. Should’ve known where the conversation was headed. But the slippery downhill path had been started, and there was no stopping inevitability. And George knew it, too.

Dream had scoffed, just as he knew he would. “What does that even *mean*. ”

George just shrugged his shoulders. “American football players have small dicks.” They’d talked about this before.

“What sort of proof do you even *have*, George? You always give me hypotheticals. *Theories* at best,” Dream argued back. The conversation was still lighthearted. *Good*.

But he knew. In the back of his mind, that it wouldn’t stay that way.

“All that weight training and showing off *has* to be making up for something,” George quipped, using the same points as the last time they’d been on this topic. They were both stubborn and steadfast in their arguments, so the conversation never seemed to fully reach its conclusion. “What, you don’t agree?”

The blond seemed to splutter over the phone for a moment, completely aghast at even the *suggestion* of agreement. “You did *not* ask me that. Oh my god. *George* , I literally played football. Of course I have a bias in this.”

George snorted. It felt strained in his throat. “Okay, so you’re admitting to having a small dick then? Congrats,” his words oozed with dry sarcasm. He waited for the inevitable response. Because he *knew*.

“No, I’m saying you’re wrong. And I have actual proof, unlike you . ” He was prepared for the next line. “My dick’s *huge*, for your information. And guess what? *I* played football. ” There was no bite in Dream’s words. They sounded confident and sure, like they came easy. Second nature. It made George falter slightly.

“You’re such an idiot, Dream. That doesn’t prove anything.” *His* words, on the other hand, sounded slightly unsure. They *always* sounded unsure. Because no matter how much George wanted to keep the joke up, he was *curious*, dammit . Even his speech couldn’t hide his masked interest, despite his best efforts.

There was a small pause in the conversation. George felt unspoken words bubbling up. He shoved them down.

“How am *I* the idiot here?” Cockiness laced each syllable, and George felt something carnal churn in his chest. “I have *proof*. You, on the other hand, have literally nothing.”

George felt his lips open before he could clamp them shut. “How do I know you’re not lying?”

He regretted the words immediately. They’d slipped out. An *accident* .

Dream was less the wiser, and humor continued to drive his words. “Oh *please*, George. What, you don’t believe me?”

*No, I do*, he wanted to say. But that would be weird, and he knew it. Their conversations had never diverged down that path before, and George was *wary*. In some perverted, deep part of his mind, he hoped Dream was telling the truth. It felt *dirty*.

“Yes,” George eventually gritted out. It was purposefully provoking. A jab at Dream’s pride - a

*challenge* .

There was another bout of silence. For the first time since they began talking, around three hours prior, the quietness was uncomfortable. The air felt charged and thick.

George allowed himself to swallow. It felt like thunder in his ears.

Finally, there was a small sigh from the other end of his headset. It sounded reserved, like he'd made up his mind about something.

“Then I guess I’ll just have to prove it to you.”

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And that was how George found himself *here*, three weeks later, wrapped up in an oversized tee with a package on his lap.

The conversation in question had melted into something confusing, as Dream refused to clarify what he meant. For three painful weeks, he sat on his words - churning them around in his head until they were mush. He couldn't make sense of them, no matter how many nights he dwelled on the phrase. At first, he was slightly horrified at the thought of his friend sending him an unsolicited dick pic (which is where his mind immediately went), going as far as to tease Dream about it in the moment.

But Dream had just laughed. *“I’ll prove it in a better way than that, Georgie.”*

Now, sitting here, in the same chair he'd had that conversation on, the cogs were spinning again. The package was medium-sized, and it had shown up at his doorstep early in the morning. He hadn't recalled ordering anything, as he carried it inside, but it was clearly meant for him.

On the top of the box, there was the scrawl of handwriting. He silently read it to himself.

*'Don't open this until we're on voice call.*

- *Dream :)'*

George had scoffed at the smiley. *Typical*. He'd also been tempted to rip the packaging open right where he stood, but he wouldn't, because he knew there must've been a reason. So, he waited patiently until their schedules cleared.

It was 7 p.m. when George sat down to call him.

George had told him via discord dms about the mysterious box at his doorstep. He'd pressed him about it, trying to in vain to squeeze answers out of him. But the blond didn't budge. '*Just wait,*' he'd written. It wasn't very reassuring.

When Dream answered him, he got straight to the point. "So you got my package?"

"Yeah," George replied, fiddling with the worn edges of the box. "Dream, what even *is* this?" He tacked on a few giggles, just to put himself at ease.

Dream laughed. It was unlike his usual, affectionate wheeze: more low and gritty, like he'd just woken up. "Why don't you find out? It was a bitch to get to you, I'm not gonna lie."

"How so?" George said as he started ripping it open, eager yet slightly unnerved. What the actual *hell* could this be?

"Just, like, the process was annoying. I've never had to do this before." Dream's words sounded slightly sheepish, with an edge of irritation to them. It made George even *more* curious.

Finally, his hands reached the object inside. The box was practically torn to shreds, with how impatient he had been to get to its contents. Slender fingers pulled it out of the packaging, and George's mind briefly caught the words '*custom*' and '*molded*' before he could even register what they meant.



The first thing he noticed was that it was *heavy*. Holding it in his palms, it felt weighted, pulling them down towards his lap. The *second* thing he realized was it was bright blue. Unnaturally so.

George's eyes widened as the full realization set in. His jaw dropped, a flush painting his cheeks cherry. "Oh my fucking god." The words were barely a whisper. He's not even sure if they made it through the speakers.

Dream cleared his throat. "Um, George, buddy, you're kinda leaving me in the dark here. Tell me what's up."

"Dream," his words were strained. A flurry of emotions mixed in his belly. *Was this some sort of joke?* "Dream. You're literally a freak. Oh my god. You're *so* weird. Why in the everloving *fuck* did you send me this?"

It was a bright blue *dildo*. A *big* one.

At that, Dream absolutely lost his composure, laughter ringing through his ears as he slipped into a wheezing fit. It made George's tense shoulders relax, if just a little bit. He himself had to laugh at it too - the sheer *ridiculousness* of the situation. His best friend had sent him a fucking *dildo*.

So it was a joke, then.

But still, he was at a loss. "Okay, *seriously*, " George started, weighing the object in his hands once more. "What *is* this? I need an actual explanation here."

The blond let out another laugh, filling George's headset once more. "It's *me*."

George scoffed. The severity of his words had yet to register. "No, it's a fucking *dildo*, Dream. A bright-ass, *huge*, dildo."

It was then that he began to realize the intriciteness of the item in his hands. Aside from being relatively thick and lengthy, there was a sort of realism in the way the grooves dipped and outlines popped from the surface. He could practically see the indent of pores if he looked hard enough.

“George,” Dream’s voice was slightly sterner this time, less humorous. “I mean it. It’s *me*. ”

George faltered. The change in tone left him feeling mixed, a hesitant smile drifting onto his features as the weight in his palm suddenly felt twice as heavy. “What does... what does that *mean*, ” he said, quieter this time. Because he *knew*, suddenly, what the words meant. He felt his skin prickle with heat as another flush crept up his neck.

Dream laughed sheepishly, and his voice wavered a bit as he spoke next. “Well, you didn’t believe me. So I went and got molded so they could make a custom. Just for you,” he said. The last part was unnecessary, and George knew it. “You can even measure it, if you’d like.”

It was cheeky. Coy. *Smug*.

And suddenly, George *understood*. He understood Dream’s confidence - the way he carried himself during their previous conversation. Because the object in his hands was undeniably *huge*. He’d even said it himself.

His mouth went dry as his mind offered several *other things* he could do with the object in his hands. He cursed himself internally for the thought.

“You’re so...” George felt at a loss of words. *Big*, his mind supplied, and he almost let it slip. “...weird,” he decided. It was simple, but really, what else was he *supposed* to say?

“You of all people should know I could never back down from an argument,” Dream offered. And George sighed, a bit defeatedly, because he *knew*.

George couldn’t help himself from tracing a finger along the head of the dildo, bright and blue. He allowed the pads of each finger explore its surface, wandering up and around a pronounced vein on the underside. All the while, wicked thoughts brewed in his head. Each one made his face hotter by the second.

“What do you expect me to do with this?” he breathed out. It was bait for a specific response, and George knew it, in the back of his mind.

Dream seemed to dwell on a response for a moment. “I don’t know. I won’t judge.” It was a *tease*, George had to remind himself.

He took a shuddered breath through his nostrils and felt his face sear with heat. "I cannot believe you sent me a replica of your *dick*," George grit out, flustered and heart beating fast against his ribcage. The words seemed all the more ridiculous as they flew off his tongue.

"Well? Since you finally have it," Dream asked, "what do you think?"

George knew the path he could take was a dangerous one. He'd been teetering on the edge a rabbit hole for what seemed like ages. But *this*. This *item* in his hands. It felt like his breaking point, and, quite frankly, he didn't care anymore. He wanted to take the plunge, even as his stomach rolled with a wave of bundled emotions and anxiety.

"You're very..." George started, letting the pad of his finger drift along the underside, ingraining its grooves into his mind. He swallowed, thick and heady. "...big. *Really* big."

The call fell suddenly quiet, and, for a moment, George regretted saying anything at all. This was uncharted territory, afterall. Maybe he stepped too far. But Dream had *wanted* him to know how big he was, which is why they were in this position in the first place. And here he was, *admitting* it. Straight to Dream's face.

Finally, the blond spoke, his voice grainy against the mic, "Is it *too* big for you?"

And it was meant to be a joke. But, underneath the words, there was a distinct lack of humor, and George got a glimpse through the sheathed phrase.

He'd fight fire with fire, then.

"I don't know," George responded. "I guess I'll have to tell you when I try it."

He could tell that Dream had leaned back in his chair, given the slight *creak* of its joints, and, faintly, he heard a sharp inhale. The only sound between them was the white noise of their headsets and the quiet hum of George's ceiling fan. Neither dared to move a muscle.

It was tense.

Until Dream broke the silence with a cough. “That’s not - you’re not funny, George,” he managed. The swap of their cards made George’s mouth tilt upwards with a smile.

“I wasn’t trying to be,” he answered easily.

The statement was followed by another agonizing silence. Dream, again, seemed to break first. Curiosity was getting the *both* of them, now.

“Are you really - I mean - I was joking, before. You’re not gonna... *you know?*”

This caused George to falter, ever so slightly. But he reassured himself that Dream was *just* as interested, *just* as flustered in his chair as him. A sudden rush of confidence flowed through his veins at the thought.

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” he murmured, letting himself dive into the *filthy* thoughts in the deepest parts of his mind. As he ran his palms over the silicone surface of the dildo, he imagined what it would feel like with flesh and blood instead. *It would be Dream*, his mind supplied, evilly.

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The conversation ended there. Dream had made a spluttered excuse on the fly, before leaving George alone in the discord vc. Although abruptly halted, the conversation that had delved into borderline flirting hung around George’s mind like a stormcloud.

Late into the evening, he found himself, time and time again, glancing to where he’d placed the object, right on his nightstand. Its bright blue color stuck out like a sore thumb against the warm color of his walls, and even as he went about his day, his eyes would find it.

As he laid in his bed later that night, with nothing but a dimly-lit lamp to light up the room, his thoughts became overwhelmingly loud - cloudy and weighing him down.

Every move he made, every word in his head, was laced with risk. He wanted to breathe, but even *that* felt dangerous.

“You’re an idiot,” he whispered aloud to the chilled air of his room. It was meant only for him, anyway. He let his head loll to the side, an arm draped across his stomach. Instantaneously, as if on instinct, his eyes found the bright blue profile of the dildo on his nightstand.

George ran a hand down his face, carding his fingers through his hair over and over again, just to give them something to do. He felt restless. A bead of sweat formed just above his brow, despite the coolness of his flat. “You’re so messed up.”

His resolve was chipping away. George could tell, the longer he stared at the object on his nightstand. It was almost taunting him, with the way the light bounced off its glossed surface.

He had to remind himself, like a mantra in his head, that the item on his side table was *Dream*. It was *Dream* that felt so right in his hands when he’d held it, every ridge and vein ingrained into his palms. And, almost guiltily, he imagined what those imprints would feel like inside him. He inhaled sharply as the feeling of thick arousal pooled in his stomach at the thought. The hand on his stomach trailed down to cup his steadily-growing erection over his sweats.

George gasped at the friction, grinding his palm against himself, almost reprimanding, with the added force of his wrist. He felt *filthy*, thinking these thoughts. It was his best friend who he was about to get off to. The shame was still there, hot and searing against his cheeks. And yet, these thoughts didn’t stop him from kicking off his sweats and desperately grasping for the lube in his drawer. Along with it, and only after a brief moment’s hesitation, he grabbed the dildo to set next to him on the bed.

And, as he stretched himself out, slowly, painfully, *achingly*, it was *Dream* who he thought of. It was *Dream* who he traced the curves of next to him as he curled and scissored his fingers. It was *Dream* who he licked the tip of and took to his lips, pressing open-mouthed kisses against the shaft as if it were human flesh under his touch instead of cold silicone.

A hand between his thighs, a mouth stretched wide around the toy in the other, knees drawn towards his chest. He felt impossibly dirtier than he already was, if that was even possible. The only sounds were the lewd wetness of lube on skin and heavy panting.

The fingers inside him were impatient, curling and stretching rather uncomfortably. At the same time, George familiarized himself with the dildo by mapping it out with his tongue and throat. From this angle, in his face, he realized the sheer *size* of it. He could hardly get halfway down

without choking on his spit. Another flush rushed to his cheeks. Dream really *hadn't* lied.

He imagined that there was warmth under the harsh rubber of the toy in his mouth, imagined it was *Dream* above him, whispering praises in his ear and coming undone beneath his touches. He was aching hard against his stomach, precum pooling at the tip.

There were a few horrid ideas in the back of his mind, and, seeing little harm in it, George decided to indulge in one of them. He set his phone on the nightstand, aiming it upwards towards the ceiling so as to not catch his figure, and pressed 'record'. He'd decide what to do with the audio later. It made him feel comforted, knowing he had an out in the matter.

With the hand that'd been buried between his legs, he coated the silicone in a thick layer of lube - probably more than necessary. But he was anxious to see if the toy would even *fit*.

George hovered over the tip of the dildo, hesitating only briefly, before settling down onto it, nice and slow. He let out a choked whine at the stretch, easing up off it a few inches before attempting to take the whole length.

A strangled groan left his lips as it dove deep within him, walls pulsing and fluttering around the intrusion. He tried not to swear when it's length was completely sheathed inside him, but it was difficult. He'd never dealt with anything even *close* to this size.

George tipped his head back, cock twitching against his stomach as the tip brushed his prostate. His lips were chewed red to muffle the sounds eliciting from his mouth. And he was panting, chest rising and falling at a rapid rate. The slender fingers of his left hand were *nothing* compared to the thick base of the toy.

For a moment, he realized that *this* is what Dream would feel like inside him. *This* is what it'd feel like if he were here to fill him up. And George wouldn't deny the *shudder* that raced up his back at the thought.

Only, it would be all the better if it were *actually* him. Flesh and bone, warmed tan skin, lively smile. He let his mind think all sorts of thoughts as he started easing up and down the length of it, testing the waters with a timid pace. It was overwhelming. He felt absolutely *full*.

He leaned forward and fell onto his stomach, arching his back into the air and pressing his face into the comforter. The fabric rubbed tears away that had gathered on his lashes. A hand reached

behind him to pump the dildo in and out as the stretch slowly became more manageable. His thighs quivered as his body struggled to handle the size.

“Dream,” he preened, as if the blond were there - looming over his back on the bed and pistoning his hips into him. “Feels... *ah* so good.”

His words were muffled by the soft fabric against his face, but he was sure his phone would pick it up anyway. He was not loud, usually, but here, with the image of Dream behind him, and the ridges of *Dream’s* cock rubbing all the right spots inside him, he couldn’t help it. He couldn’t think straight, head and body stuffed with haze and ecstasy.

He flicked his wrist, twisting the toy just to feel the *drag* of each groove, desperately wishing it were moving on its own accord, wishing it was Dream pinning him to the bed.

It was terrible, *awful*, really, how much it turned him on. To think of his friend in this light, to imagine his cock buried within him or his body above him.

Another lewd moan escaped his lips before he could swallow it up. The toy was the perfect length, curved near the tip *just* so it’d angle straight into his prostate.

Dream’s words echoed in his ear as he hit the spot over and over again. “*Just for you.*”

The thought of Dream’s voice had his toes curling and breath stuttering in his throat. A wash of shame.

*Dream is my best friend*, he thought to himself. His arm pumped faster. *He’s my best friend.*

The thought, however, didn’t stop his pleasure from cresting with Dream’s name on his tongue, letting loose a string of cries and whimpers as he painted his chest and sheets white. His body was a *wreck*, shaking heavily as the aftershocks of his orgasm wracked through his nerves.

Another groan left him as he pulled the toy out. He felt achingly empty without it.

As his breathing evened out, he reached with a clean hand to stop the recording from his phone.

And maybe he stared at the video for too long, afterwards, swallowed in clean sheets and room dark. He could just barely make out the shadows of his body on the ceiling in the video, cast by the lamp on his nightstand. The image was black otherwise, which helped shift focus onto the lewd, miserable sounds that echoed in George's ears as he watched. He had made those sounds while getting off to his *best friend*. The thought made him blanch in shame.

And yet, *Dream* was the one who had sent him a molded cast of his own dick. He had started it, George reasoned. Started the dangerous, slippery slope between the two of them.

So, George did the unthinkable.

He sent the video, with all its lewd sounds and dirty secrets, straight into Dream's palms.

*I guess it wasn't too big*, he messaged underneath.

He sat there for a long time, awaiting the inevitable response. Waited with bated breath with his phone at his side. He hugged his knees to his chest.

The sour taste of regret filled his mouth after a few minutes, so he snatched his phone back up, just to see if he could take it back - to delete the video before -

George's eyes widened.

*Message seen.*



# Inevitable

## Chapter Summary

Okay, so maybe sending a mold of his dick to his bff wasn't the *brightest* idea. Who knew.

Dream handles the aftermath of their conversation remarkably horribly, and it doesn't help when he receives an unprecedented text message from the same person who's haunting his thoughts.

## Chapter Notes

Hi and welcome back!

Once again, big thanks to my friend who helped co-write this chapter!! :)  
This one's from Dream's perspective, and he's a big ball of confusion and mixed emotions so strap in I guess LMAO  
It's a bit shorter than last chapter, but the next one should be (?) the longest.

Anyway, blah blah if Dream/George state they're no longer comfortable with ship/nsfw fics then this'll immediately be taken down you know the drill bahaha

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream had left the call with his heart in his throat. He briefly recalled uttering hastily strewn-together words, telling George that he was needed somewhere. It was a shitty excuse, and they both knew it. He had left the stifling atmosphere of his room, away from the muddled thoughts he left behind in that seat, in front of his monitors.

Away from *George* .

It was moments like this where he wished he drank. Wished he could chase down his pounding heart with alcohol. But he didn't, so he sat at his counter, alone with his thoughts, for much longer than necessary. Yet still not even *close* to enough. Because it never left his head.

“Wouldn't you like to know?”

He slammed his hand down onto the counter, just to feel the sting of pain under his palms. *Just* to remind him of just how completely and utterly *insane* that conversation had been. They had gone down dark, twisted alleys before, but never like this. Not even close.

Dream sighed. He didn't know why he pushed it. The whole concept was ridiculous - sending a mold of his *dick* to his best friend. And he *knew* this, of course, from the moment he had pulled up the oddly specific website to satiate his desire to prove himself.

*But George had pushed back, too*, he distantly thought. It was merely a whisper in the back of his mind, but it was there, nonetheless. His palm turned red in his lap, hot beneath the skin. Much like how he felt.

It was difficult to clear the brewing storm of thoughts from the forefront of his mind. It clouded his judgment with reckless abandon, and he ached from even the mere *prospect* of what George had suggested.

It had all been jokes.

At least, that was what he tried to convince himself, even as the earnestness of George's voice looped in his ears. He set his face into his hand, digging fingers into his temples and brows lacing with distraught.

He didn't know anymore.

There had always been a *thing* between them. This fuzzy, ambiguous line that separated them - the boundary that defined their relationship. Their *friendship*, Dream had to remind himself. But they knew each other almost *too* well. Knew each other's soft spots, weak spots, *dangerous* spots. He knew how to rile George up, and equally vice versa.

If not more.

And maybe it was his subconscious playing tricks on him, when he had bundled the package and sent it across the sea into the waiting palms of his friend. There must've been *some* part of his brain that knew what he was doing. He could try to tell himself he had solely done it to quell his stubbornness to prove George wrong. It would be a lie, though, wouldn't it?

Without meaning to, he imagined the wicked curve of George's smile when he had said those words, so unnervingly easy that it made Dream falter in his seat. He repeated it over and over in his head, as if he were lifting the needle of a record player and setting it back down endlessly.

"*Is it too big for you?*" Dream had asked, and it came out less light-heartedly than he intended it to.

"*I guess I'll have to tell you when I try it.*"

George's words ricochet in his mind like a bullet with a purpose.

He couldn't pretend, now, that he hadn't grown increasingly uncomfortable as the conversation drifted on. There was no denying the shameful lust that had pooled in the depths of his stomach. Hot, heady, and *desperate*.

He couldn't pretend that the mere thought of George *using* him in that way didn't make him feel a thousand ways good. Couldn't sit here and pretend that it *didn't* make him painfully, achingly hard, because it *had*.

And it still did.

A distressed groan crawled out of his throat. It was so fucked, in more ways than he could name.

Yet he knew it wasn't out of the ordinary, for them, for their relationship. George had *always* twisted his morals - made him feel as if there was maybe something more. A *taste*.

But they were friends, and it had always been that way, despite their reckless teasing and endless toeing of lines. Then again, things between them were *never* so easily defined in black and white.

In fact, they seemed to be every shade in between.

And Dream knew it.

---

It was around eight at night when he decided to call quits on the video he'd been mindlessly editing. He hadn't gotten far into it, anyway. Not when he was a mess, mind still reeling and heavy with contemplative thoughts. It was much earlier than he usually finished his nights - oftentimes staying up late into the early hours of the morning. But he gave himself a pass, just for one night.

He sighed deeply before hauling himself up, forcing himself through his nightly routine in a drone-like fashion. His feet felt like lead as they carried him to the bathroom, head still churning with leftover bits of his conversation with George.

When he hit the mattress, it felt almost impossible to fall asleep. His brain was still going faster than he could process, emotions bubbling uncomfortably in his stomach. He knitted his eyes shut tighter, as if to rid the feelings away.

Finally, after what felt like hours, Dream found the threads of exhaustion beginning to form behind his lids. It was a comforting feeling. He desperately wanted sleep to take him away, so he could get a break from the never-ending spinning of his mind.

Just as he started to drift off, the darkness of the room was disrupted by his phone screen, casting a blue light onto his ceiling. It managed to pierce through his tightly-shut lids, and Dream slowly cracked them back open. He had half the mind to just ignore it- to roll over and return to his peaceful state of blissful denial. But there was a nagging itch in his gut that told him not to. With a groan, he turned to flip over his phone, squinting as he strained to see what had caused it to light up.

There was a text message waiting for him.

His breath seemed to catch in his nose as he let out a sharp exhale, the pit in his stomach multiplying in intensity.

It raised the hair on the back of his neck, chilling him to the marrow of his bones.

When his eyes refocused, *finally* reading the notification, he felt his throat clamp up.

It was from George.

Without thinking, he swiped the message open.

Yet maybe he should have thought harder before doing so, as his eyes skimmed the text. He felt his heart stutter in his chest.

*I guess it wasn't too big.*

It was clear as day, in a grey text bubble. He blinked, once, twice, *three* times, almost as if it would disappear if he did it enough.

Dream couldn't pinpoint the emotions swirling beneath his skin. His palms had long-since gone clammy, adam's apple bobbing harshly against his throat as he struggled to swallow down the adrenaline in his veins.

There was the unmistakable rush of heat to his face as he glanced upwards and noticed a video was attached. He was almost afraid to open it. In his hesitation, his mind supplied him with a thousand images, all at once, running wild with fantasies. A thousand terrible, *unspeakable* images. For all he knew, the video could be a joke- a *prank*. Dream unconfidentally convinced himself it was just that.

His breathing evened out. A damp hand reached out to hover over the video.

But, it wasn't a prank. It was *so* much more than anything he could have imagined, when his shaky fingers *finally* pressed play.

He heard only the rustling of sheets, at first. It became apparent that the video was audio-only, and Dream would be lying if he said he wasn't slightly disappointed. Another wash of shame coiled in his gut.

He began to think his speakers were broken when all he heard was silence, fiddling with the volume button restlessly. And then, all at once, he could hear *everything* .

It was moments like these that Dream thanked the fact he only slept in sweats at night, as a feverish heat flooded his cheeks and chest at the first sound. It was low and hushed, *barely* audible. And yet, it reverberated in Dream's head like it was the loudest thing in the world.

He didn't want to think too much. But it was inevitable. Unavoidable, the way George sounded.

Breathy, pained, in all the ways Dream never *dared* to imagine. It was *lewd. Filthy.*

Gasps and whines poured from the speakers, slightly muffled, yet clear as day in his ears. He had to remind himself that it was *him* who George was getting off to. It was *him* who George was pleasuring himself with. The thought drove him insane. It melted him from the inside out, liquidizing his rationale until it was merely a puddle- swamping his brain and glassing over his sight.

And there, *just* so loud he could not ignore it, trickled his own name from the other's mouth. Like it was a secret he wanted to share to Dream, and Dream *only*.

It was barely a whisper, but it was there .

*"Dream... feels so good..."*

After those words filtered through his ears, it was all downhill. Because Dream could hardly move, hardly *breathe*.

*Never* had he heard George sound so blissed out, so needy, so *aroused*. Between the moans and wet noises of silicone on skin, his name was repeated, over and over, like a mantra, from George's lips.

And Dream... Dream *spiraled*.

Like the stretch of vermillion orange in the sky evidencing the aftermath of a wildfire, he *burned* . He felt himself smolder in the flames of something he thought he could never indulge upon. And, yet, here he was. Allowing himself one moment to savor his own forbidden desires, forever unspoken but still impossibly and wholly felt.

The drag of his palm over the thin fabric of his sweatpants already left him breathless, chasing for more. Chasing for friction and release, to undo the vehement coil of tangled heat in the depths of his stomach. He felt his blood rush beneath his skin, hot and quick to match the tempo of his pulse, on par with the tempest behind his eyes.

He didn't know if it was the carnal lust or guilty humiliation when his skin flushed red all over.

He didn't even know if he cared anymore, as another whine edged its way through the speakers of his phone. Embarrassment coursed through his bloodstream when he noticed the wet spot on his sweats already.

Dream's head hit his pillow when he pulled his cock free from its fabric restraints. The phone was gingerly placed on his chest, the coolness of the case a stark contrast to the seared surface of freckled skin. His eyes found solace in the hazy darkness of his ceiling, almost as if he could convince himself this was a dream instead of reality.

Even as George's mounting, pleased sounds bounced off the walls of his room, Dream pretended his mouth wasn't as dry as it was from the prospect of his best friend getting off to *him*. He pretended his head wasn't turning to pure cotton at the slightest touch of his own fingers, so good that he found it difficult to take himself into his own palm.

There was precum pearling at the tip of the flushed head, and Dream tried in vain to forget the face that had brought him to this point, so painfully hard. The feverishness of his arousal was enough to bring forth beads of sweat, dotting along his brow and the skin of his forehead like rhinestones. The sheets of his bed were quickly kicked off in his haste. He scoffed a little at himself, out of both shame and humor.

*All for George*, he thought darkly, lewdly. *All for George*.

When his eyes fell shut, it was not darkness he saw. It was George, it was *only* George. It was his ridiculously pink lips, drawn back over a whitened, disarming smile. Fingers tightened around his cock. It was his mirthful eyes, doe-like behind fluttering lashes, appearing so endearingly innocent and saccharine. A calloused thumb dug into his slit. It was his milky skin, those pale collarbones and paler throat, begging to be marred and bruised with purples and blues by his own lips. His fist pumped impossibly faster.

He muffled a grunt between clenched teeth, his hand a poor substitute for what his desires kept

flashing behind closed lids.

*This is wrong*, his mind looped. His body, however, begged to differ, as every languid stroke began to feel more and more like ecstasy. It felt like scaling a mountain, coming closer and closer to a bottomless drop.

And he was afraid of what could come next.

He came closer to the edge with every following breath, so much so that breathing proved laborious, breaths punching from his lungs as he let weak moans escape his mouth. He didn't want to think too much. Didn't want to dwell on the fact that every word he moaned was a vividly coherent form of *George's* name.

Through the muddled haze of ecstasy, Dream's focus managed to latch back onto the sounds reverberating through the device on his chest. They were becoming restless and loud. George's strained panting and murmurs of '*yes, yes, right there,*' were the only warning before he let out a high-pitched cry, piercing the stillness of Dream's room with purpose.

A drawn out groan followed the obvious climax. Right before the video ended, there, just barely audible, was a string of whimpered, delirious words that sent Dream plummeting off the edge.

*"F-fuck, mnh, Dream... thank you, thank you... so big, Dream, so good..."*

Dream felt his limbs coil tight, head tipped back as his breaths faltered, hot and stuttered. His vision went white. And it was nothing like he had ever felt before. He felt it like an ink cartridge tipped over, seeping deep into his bones and spreading like an inkblot over canvas. His mind grew muddled as he lost his final grip, falling deeper into an inescapable euphoria.

Before lips could clamp shut or hindsight could catch them, words tumbled from Dream's tongue without his permission. They stained the atmosphere and swaddled the haze of his mind in another blanket of mixed turmoil.

"G-George, oh my *god, fuck, fuck, fuck,*" he moaned, tears of pleasure pricking at the corners of his eyes. "*God, mmh, shit- George!*"

The phone fell onto the sheets beside him before he finished, curling his toes into the bedding and



whining low in his throat. Muscles knotted tight in his abdomen as his fist drug every last drop of liquid shame out of him.

Then came stillness.

Deafening silence rang in his ears. It was the loudest thing he'd heard in his life.

There was guilt. Remorse. Embarrassment.

And yet, he could not free himself of the images behind his shut eyes. The images that had brought him here - flushed and painted white up to his chest.

He realized too late that he neglected to respond to George for a painfully long twenty minutes, too busy enraptured by his own pleasure to be aware. But by then, there was nothing left to do. Dream grabbed for the tissue box on his nightstand, halfheartedly wiping at his chest and mentally noting to change the sheets in the morning. He stared down at the phone screen, stared at George's text message.

There were so many things he *could* be thinking about. There'd be hell to pay in the morning- he was sure of it. But coherent thoughts had gone out the window alongside his sanity for the night- there was nothing he could do but admit defeat for the time being.

Lids that had been the display for fantasies just a few minutes earlier began to grow heavy. Heady guilt shot through his heart.

*I'm fucked*, he thought to himself.

Dream rolled over and shut his eyes.

WELL.

Dream buddy you sent a fucking penis mold to your bff what did you expect to happen  
Anyway the next chapter is gonna take a little longer since I still have to write it BUT.  
Expect it to be out in a week or so! Gotta finish some stuff for summer  
school/commissions and then I can finish it!

Thank you all for the positive feedback! It means the world to me :] !! <3

# Nothing's Changed

## Chapter Summary

George and Dream try to make sense of their strange swap of cards the night before. Both are pretty bad at it.

But of course, they have to talk about it at some point, right?  
(Hint: They do a bit more than just talk)

## Chapter Notes

HELLO! Oh my god I went absolutely crazy on what was supposed to be the final chapter BAHABA

I ended up writing more than 9k words of smut basically... oops. One of my problems is I never know when to stop LOL

I felt weird having a 4k chap, 2k chap, then a random 9k chap at the end so I decided to split this one it up! So I'm sorry if it cuts off at the end weirdly. Kinda had to improvise!

This just means the next and final one will be out tomorrow :)

Ty for all your patience- I really appreciate it!

Also teehee check the new tags ;)

Again! If Dream and/or George ever state they're no longer comfortable with ship/nsfw fics, this work will immediately be taken down. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To say George was panicking would be a massive understatement.

Putting it lightly, he was on the brink of a full-blown *crisis*. And he didn't have many of those. George considered himself a pretty laid back individual- flowing easily with the push and pull of life, never worrying himself with the taxing weight of stress.

So maybe it was the inexperience with this type of feeling that made it seem all-the-more terrifying. The feeling of bile thick in the back of his throat, sweat gathering on his nape and temple, anxiety swirling a hurricane in his stomach. He felt sick and twitchy, teeth gnawing into the side of his cheek and drawing the taste of iron onto his taste buds.

Alabaster fingers dug trenches into his dark hair, chewing into his scalp with a reprimanding hold. Everything was so utterly *fucked*. And in all fairness, it was his fault. *God*, it was all *his* fault.

George's heart stuttered out of its reckless rhythm as a desperate gasp flew from his lips. He didn't realize he'd been holding his breath.

Sleeping had seemed close to impossible with the nervousness eating away at his bones- tossing and turning the entire night, jolting awake with unspoken words on the tip of his tongue. By the time he'd begrudgingly hauled himself out of restless slumber, he'd barely gotten any solid hours of rest. He could practically feel the bags under his eyes weighing down his lids.

Not to mention his sleep schedule was fucked, as always. *That* wasn't his fault, though. He'd accommodated his inner clock to fit snugly with *someone else's* halfway across the world.

Another shock of turmoil shot through his chest.

"Fuck," George muttered to himself, letting his neck fall lax to rest his head in hand, elbow propped up on a fidgety knee.

The same mouth that had been the fountain of dirty secrets and unspoken desires last night now felt coated in a thick layer of sand. It was clogging his throat, his lungs, his *clarity*.

When Dream had left him unanswered for an *hour*, George finally let himself panic. He'd been tactfully avoiding looking at his phone after it notified him that the blond had opened his messages- desperately trying and failing to fall into unconsciousness. It proved pointless. The silence just left him with his unending train of thought.

He screwed up. He *knew* this. The video was *way* too far. Misinterpretation of feelings and curiosity led them both here, to the precipice of disaster. And, yet, maybe it was bound to happen. Inevitable. They had *both* set off a catalyst, afterall- it was just the question of '*when will it stop?*' that remained unanswered.

One of them had to cave eventually. To ultimately break first and call the other, clear the air and bring their friendship back from where it sat atop a cliff, dangling over the edge. Or to encourage its decline and push it off.

*Or... give it wings to explore someplace new*, George thought to himself. His socked toes dug harshly into the polyester comforter.

Dream had left him *on read*. All night. After he'd sent a borderline pornographic video- the contents containing proof that George had gotten off to *his best friend* . Another distressed exhale left his nose. Currently perched on the end of his bed, knees drawn towards his chest, he felt absolutely helpless. Trapped inside his head with no way to get out.

George's eyes were glued to his messages. Embarrassment flooded his cheeks as he reread them. He'd impulsively sent a string of apologies and attempts to backtrack late at night, delirious on dread and trepidation.

*You*

**2:23 A.M.**

*dream? ur not busy jacking off to this r u?*

**2:42 A.M**

*ok that was a joke im joking*

**2:59 A.M.**

*pls answer me dude ur freaking me out :[*

**4:14 A.M.**

*im sorry im sorry you can juts ignore everything i sent u i mustve gotten confused sry lol*

None of them had a read receipt underneath. It made his nerves simmer beneath the clammy surface of pale skin that'd been home to unending anxiety for... George's eyes flicked to the clock. *Eight hours. Jesus.*

"You're so stupid," he murmured to the stillness of his room. "*God* you're so *stupid*." He couldn't tell if it was directed at himself or the person at the receiving end of his texts. Probably a little of both.

His limbs felt heavy with exhaustion as he dragged himself into the shower, numbly washing and rubbing at his skin until it was ruby red. He felt *dirty, horrible, awful, humiliated*, all of the above. Scrubbing his body until it was undeniably sanitized and irritated did nothing to quell that. George stumbled out of the tub and towed himself dry, avoiding his own gaze in the mirror as he passed. It was difficult to look at a trainwreck.

He blindly threw on an oversized tee and fresh pair of briefs, trying his hardest to disregard the soiled ones on the floor. He was *also* trying to disregard the blue object on his nightstand, but he didn't want to think about that too hard. Or, at least, anymore than he subconsciously already was. Doe eyes found his phone again. It was nestled in his rumpled sheets, staring back at him with vice. A grumble flew from his lips as he threw his damp towel over the side of his chair and begrudgingly turned his phone over.

His eyes widened at the sight of his normally barren screen.

Oh. *Oh.*

Spit caught in his throat. His chest stuttered on his next inhale.

He had *eight* notifications. More specifically, *text* notifications. The sand on his tongue felt thicker than it had all night.

*Calm down. You're fine, everything's fine.* He had to remind himself that this was *Dream*. The kind, annoyingly-tall, passionate teddy bear with a heart so large it had room for millions of people. In all of the years he'd known his best friend, Dream had *never* been one to judge. He handled situations tactically- preferring to give benefit of doubt and open his arms to new perspectives. Friendship was his most prized possession. Like hell he'd let *theirs* go.

*We're going to be fine.*

Shaky fingers opened his messages. He skimmed the new texts with impatience.

*d reaaaammmmm (loser idiot)*

**10:34 A.M.**

*George oh my god ohmgdod im so sorry*

**10:35 A.M.**

*I fell asleep lsat night im sory oh mhgod im such a ducking idiot*

**10:35 A.M.**

*fucking\*\**

**10:36 A.M.**

*who the hell uses ducking si that even a word*

**10:36 A.M.**

*sry im really tired i didntn get much sleep*

**10:38 A.M.**

*you mustve thought i was an asshole holy shit im so sorry for making you worry :(*

**10:46 A.M.**

*George ?*

**10:57 A.M.**

*Ok im gonna assume ur busy or something and NOT avoiding me. Ok actually if u are i kind of deserve it but anyway pls join disc when u can*

George felt like he could breathe again. And laugh. So he did. A *lot* .

Because everything about this was so *utterly ridiculous*. Of course his *best friend* of six years wouldn't let something like this ruin them. George felt dumb for even entertaining the thought. The anxiety that had been clawing at his gut slowly dissipated into lighthearted giggles, narrow shoulders bouncing with the force of them. He realized he should probably reply, lest Dream end

up in the same position George did last night.

*You*

**11:03 A.M.**

*ur stupid*

*i'll be on in a few gimme a sex*

George grimaced. Of course. A fucking *sexual* typo. How ironic.

*You*

**11:04 A.M.**

*sec\*\*\*\* don't fucking say anything*

He should've expected it when his phone buzzed in his hand. A palm ran down his face as he read the new notification.

*dreaaaaammmm (loser idiot)*

**11:06 A.M.**

*I would love to give you that but unfortunately I'm an ocean away </3*

George scoffed. It was almost like nothing had changed between them. Which *would* be a good thing, in the alternate universe where he *hadn't* stuck a silicone replica of Dream's *cock* up his ass and enjoyed it. One where George *hadn't* sent Dream a fucking *video* of it. But in this universe, he *had*.



Well. This was a unique dilemma.

He sat on his response for a moment, and considered what *normal* George would say. What would the alternate universe's version of himself do in this situation- the one who *hadn't* done those things yesterday? Ivory teeth pulled at his bottom lip when he realized.

A distressed groan built up in the back of his throat. He'd undoubtedly flirt back. Like he always would.

*You*

**11:08 A.M.**

*why would i need u for that when i have the next best thing right here beside me ;]*

"Oh my god why did I *say* that?" Exasperation tinged his words. The regret came a little too late, though. George decided he was *not* good at this- at acting like nothing had changed.

Dream's response came slower this time, three animated dots bubbling up and disappearing in rapid succession. He was hesitating. The brunet forced down the anxiety that threatened to return in the pit of his stomach. His phone buzzed before it could.

*dreaaaaammmm (loser idiot)*

**11:13 A.M.**

*You'd rather have manufactured plastic than me? Wowwww rude much?*

George went to type a witty response (or, at least, as witty as he *could* be with his mind slowly turning to cotton), but he was stopped by another incoming text.

*dreaaaaammmm (loser idiot)*

**11:14 A.M.**

*You know, you made a lot of cute noises in ur video. They were pretty. Could your toy say that to you? Compliment you? Tell u how good you are?*

Oh, *fuck* .

George pretended like he *didn't* choke on his breath at the boldness of Dream's words. Pretended his pulse *didn't* flutter against his wrist and in his ears. Pretended his blood wasn't already threatening to delve below his waist.

This could go one of two ways. George could push it- play this weird sexting game Dream had initiated and respond with what the arousal in his gut demanded. *Or*, he could be himself- drag it out with humor and snappy responses to surprise the person on the other end. Easy enough. His thumbs flew across the keyboard with little hesitation.

*You*

**11:16 A.M.**

*dildos dont talk idiot*

The response was immediate.

*dreaaaaammmm (loser idiot)*

**11:16 A.M.**

*I hate you*

George couldn't help the smile that pulled at his lips. He allowed a brief moment's pause before replying.

*You*

**11:17 A.M.**

*no u dont*

*u love me*

There was a strange feeling churning in his chest as he pressed send. Akin to the rumble of an oncoming storm, it brewed deep within his core, too far off to decipher its intensity but close enough to feel the vibrations. His phone buzzed.

*dreaaaaammmm (loser idiot)*

**11:18 A.M.**

*Join vc dumbass*

Swallowing down the remainder of his nervousness, George forced his feet to move from where they'd been rooted in the carpet. He fiddled with a loose thread on the hem of his tee as he sat down to boot up his pc- the device slowly whirring to life in front of him.

There were thoughts threatening to clog up his senses that he chose to disregard for the time being, instead occupying his attention by tugging on his headset and fiddling with volume settings. He felt restless in a strangely good way. In a way he'd never felt before- restlessness coupled with vague arousal and giddiness. It was making his stomach do flips.

George navigated his way to the discord app, stalling for a moment to brace himself for the upcoming conversation. He schooled his breathing for a few seconds, before letting his mouse

hover over the vc where Dream's icon sat idle in its place.

When he *finally* clicked to join, his headphones filled with an odd quietness.

He cleared his throat. "Um, hello?"

Almost immediately, there was a loud *bang*, followed by a spluttering of gasps and curses. "*Shit!* Jesus fucking christ you scared the living *shit* out of me," Dream seethed through the mic, embarrassment singing his words.

George couldn't catch the giggles before they flew from his mouth. "You were literally sitting in here waiting for *me*. How the hell did I manage to scare you that badly?"

The call fell strangely silent at that. There was some rustling from Dream's end before he started speaking.

"I was, um- I mean- I was distracted. Because I was doing... something." The words sounded sheepish, *unsure*.

The brunet lifted an eyebrow, despite the fact the other man couldn't see it. "Okay...? What the hell had you so distracted that you jumped out of your skin at the sound of my *voice*?"

There was a weird sort of tension that stifled the white noise between the two of them, yet George couldn't pinpoint what it even *was*. Neither of them had even *mentioned* the shitshow that occurred last night, so why was their conversation already uneasy?

"George, can we drop this?" Dream breathed. He sounded so *shy*- to the point where George had a difficult time recognizing his voice. "I was just... distracted. That's it."

But this just seemed to peak George's curiosity even further. He scoffed at his friend's lackluster response. "You're so *weird* Dream. I mean, you can easily send me a replica of your fucking *dick* yet you get flustered over... whatever *this* is? Really?" Laughter tapered off the edge of his sentence.

George could practically *feel* the red heat of embarrassment through his headset when Dream made an indignant noise.

“You say that like you *didn’t* shove that same replica up your ass,” the blond bit back. “Like you *didn’t* make a bunch of slutty noises from having it inside you.”

Whatever reply George had ready dissolved like sugar on his tongue. It was replaced by a burning sense of humiliation at the bluntness of what he’d done last night. Dream’s words were fired with such a sudden burst of defensiveness, like he was trying to deflect the conversation, and George would be lying if he said he wasn’t taken aback by the complete 180.

The brunet swallowed thickly, knotting pale fingers into the thin material of his briefs to simmer his thoughts. “*Slutty* noises,” George paused to mull over the implication of Dream’s chosen vocabulary. “Okay, Dream.”

A scoff. “What? You can’t tell me that’s *not* what you sounded like.” There was a faintly-veiled smirk that formed around the words. George could practically *see* it, with the way Dream spoke. It only fueled the fire in his stomach even more.

“That’s not what I remember you saying over text like five minutes ago, Dream,” George said, smug in the way his friend fell eerily silent. “Pretty sure you said my noises were *gorgeous* , yeah?”

Dream clicked his tongue. “I called them *pretty*, George,” he grumbled lowly, “but they were also *slutty* . They can, um, be both, you know. They *were* both.” His confidence petered off again. It was confusing, the way the blond kept alternating from oddly shy to aggressively bold. One spectrum to the other.

Yet George had an idea as to why. Timid curiosity pushed him to test his theory, so he steeled himself to pour confidence into his speech. His heart pattered against his rib cage when he let his jaw drop open, honey seeping from his lips, “Kind of sounds like you spent a *lot* of time listening to those noises, Dreamie.”

Incoherent spluttering met his ears. “What?! I-I did *not*, I mean, I listened to it but n-not... I d-didn’t... *George...*” he quickly trailed off into a flustered groan. His voice sounded gritty, embarrassed, *sickly sweet*. There was a short, humiliated whine that sliced through the tension in the air, but George urged himself to ignore it, even as he twitched in interest against his briefs. He wanted *answers*.

When Dream neglected to further respond after a few seconds, George continued, “Just how many times have you listened to that video already? I know you love it- love listening to me say your name as I fall apart. I can tell.” He paused, pink tongue jutting out to wet his chapped lips. The next sentence came more breathily. “I know that pretty thing in your pants loves it too, yeah?” Another lovely, low whine filtered through his headset, coating his mind in a delirious type of foggy lust. “Is *that* what you were doing when I joined? Listening to it? Repeating it inside that head of yours?”

Dream outright *groaned*, breathing hard into his mic as he strained to steady himself. “George, I-I- *fuck-*”

The brunet tightened the clammy grip on his thighs. He was trying to ground himself, to bring his mind back down from the rush of adrenaline and arousal. “That’s what I thought. Do I really turn you on *that* much?”

A hitched breath escaped Dream’s mouth. This time, instead of shying away, he leaned close into his mic, to the point where George could almost *feel* the phantom puff of breath on his cheek. His voice cracked with poorly-repressed desire when he spoke. “Yes, *fuck yes*, you turn me on so, so much George. You’re so pretty, *god*, even your *moans* are pretty. I cant stop th-thinking about how you sounded, how my *name* sounded when you were- *fuck.*” Dream cut himself off to adjust his position in his chair. “A-and the fact you sounded like that because of *me*. Oh my *god*, you’re so hot, George, so hot. I wanna make you feel good, make you feel better than that fucking *toy* did.”

And George pretty much fucking *melted*. Right there, on the spot, in his chair. He was sure of it, with the way his limbs and insides turned to jelly, thighs quivering with a powerful surge of lust. Cheeks lit ablaze in a fiery glow as he recalled what it felt like to have Dream *inside* him. A shudder licked up his spine. George’s eyesight went all blurry as his lids slipped halfway down. Not that there was anything much to stare at, other than the bleary sight of his discord. *God*, he wanted to see Dream *badly*. Wanted to watch and hear *him* fall apart, watch his large, coiled hands vanish under thin boxers and bring himself to the edge.

*Whoa*. George snapped himself out of it. Okay, *that* was new. Maybe he had a bit of a voyeur kink.

*Or maybe I just have a Dream kink*, his brain echoed.

“George.” The brunet whipped his head up, nearly jumping out of his own skin as Dream’s voice abruptly rumbled through the mic. He let out a meek affirmative noise to confirm he’d heard him. Dream continued, “Are you okay? We can stop, if you want.”

George shook his head so fast his neck hurt. “No! No, Dream, if you leave me right now after saying all that shit and making me hard I will fly to Florida and *kill* you.” The blond cleared his throat at the confession.

“Y-You’re hard...?”

Glancing down at the obvious tent in his briefs, he let out a small laugh. “Well, um, yeah. Are you?” George responded a tad more sheepishly. He’d just assumed Dream was as turned on as him.

“Yes. *Very* much so.” Goosebumps raced up George’s arms at the low octave his voice had fallen into.

“Can I see it?” Words flew out of his mouth with reckless abandon. George felt like he was drowning in the prospect of never being able to watch Dream fall apart- to watch his stomach tighten, sweat beaded along his temple, tanned skin painted in a lovely blush. All for *him*. For *George*.

“Like a, um, picture?” Dream offered, a bit confused. As much as George adored his best friend, he could be quite the dumbass when he wanted to.

“No, you *idiot* . I meant turn your cam on.”

A stuttered inhale left Dream’s lips. “*Oh*. Y-Yeah, I can. But,” he paused, “only if you turn yours on too.”

*Typical*. “I think I can arrange that,” the brit purred back. “You’re such a simp. You get to see my face everyday.”

“Yeah, but it’s not everyday I get to see the *rest* of you. Don’t act like you just wanna see my face, either. I know you want to look at my dick, Georgie. I can tell you’ve been thinking about it.” Dream’s words carried a cockiness that’d been lacking thus far in their conversation, and George could almost say he missed it. But, in the end, he could never disagree with him on this one. Because of *course* he wanted to see the real thing, especially after feeling it *inside* him, no less.

The visual that his mind supplied was one similar to the object beside his bed, except it was a flushed pink and tan color instead- alive with blood underneath skin and lively pulse to be felt beneath his palm. His cock twitched in interest against his thigh. With a moment's hesitation, and a bite to his cheek hard enough to draw blood, George swiveled in his chair to grab the dildo off his nightstand, not even thinking twice before snatching the lube up along with it. Nervousness battered at his heart as he settled back into his seat. The feeling only multiplied when he noticed his screen was different.

Instead of the motionless display of discord DMs, his monitor was flooded with the mouth-watering sight of Dream's torso and lower half. A sliver of stubbled jaw was in frame, as he was slightly leaned backwards in the padded gaming chair he rested against. The blond was donned in a form-fitting black tank top and a pair of loose, thin sweatpants. George snickered when he realized they were gray. That same laugh, however, quickly tapered off as his eyes latched onto the large, corded hand that was currently situated in his lap. Or, more specifically, situated over the obvious swell of his erection. The thin material of the sweats left little, *very* little, to the imagination. And it made George *desperate*.

He couldn't help the lust-drenched gasp that flew from his mouth at the sight of what he wanted so badly. "*Dream*, oh my *god*, please let me see you, please." A whine crawled up the back of his throat as Dream slowly let his fist envelop the outline of his cock through the cotton, firmly indulging in a few pressured strokes.

The younger man let loose a small moan. "You sound so *hot*, baby," Dream murmured breathily, purposefully lowering his voice to a deep timbre. A brilliant flush spread down George's chest at the nickname, another strained noise shuddering out of his nose. "Turn your cam on for me and I'll show you."

Giving himself a once-over in the reflection of his monitor, George scrambled to fix the angle of his camera before switching it on. It was a little embarrassing how eager he was, but at this point, he'd thrown all sense of shame out the window in his haste to feel satiated. This craving- *hunger*- in his core demanded attention, and now that he was getting it, he wouldn't stop for anything.

George could tell when his facecam loaded for Dream, as his hand clenched more firmly around his cock, the steady rise and fall of his chest faltering minutely. "*Fuck*, baby. George you're so gorgeous, *god*, and small... you're so *tiny*, I bet I could cover your stomach with just one of my hands," Dream rambled with delirium, the tremble in his voice giving away his intense lust. The brunet knew his face had to be practically glowing on Dream's monitor with the feverish warmth seeping into his bones. George double checked that the camera captured his entire frame, head to knees, before running a hand down his chest to palm himself, dragging a thumb across where he was wet at the tip.

A stifled moan crawled out of his mouth, clamping his teeth down onto a wine-red lip before



locking hooded eyes with his camera. “Dream, sh-show me already.”

The blond groaned at George’s words, but hesitated to comply. An impatient noise echoed from the brit’s end. Dream seemed to think for a moment, dramatically tapping a finger on his chin with a free hand as his other continued to languidly tease his length.

A filthy, annoyingly handsome smirk coated his lips where they’d slid into frame. George felt his heart *plummet* into the pit of his stomach at his next words.

“Beg for it.”

## Chapter End Notes

again sorry if the ending seems abrupt!

had to improvise where I split the chapters up :)

(Also... dont be tricked here... Hint: I’m not a dom!Dream believer ;P)

# Molded for You

## Chapter Summary

Dream wants to see George make the noises he heard on video.  
George wants to watch Dream's bravado shatter.

Spoiler: They both get what they want.

## Chapter Notes

WOOOOO this is the longest chapter!! It's like 6k or something LOL

And lucky for you all- it's pure smut! <3

Can I just say I have such a fun time writing lighthearted smut? Like, I love it when they break 'character' and start goofing off. And dnf's dynamic is SO FUN to play around with in this setting!!

Once again, ty for sticking around and being patient! I had fun writing this :)

If Dream and/or George ever say they're uncomfortable with ship/nsfw fics, this work will be immediately taken down.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A filthy, annoyingly handsome smirk coated his lips where they'd slid into frame. George felt his heart *plummet* into the pit of his stomach at his next words.

“Beg for it.”

The blond sounded and *looked* all-too smug as he said it, a snide lilt forming in the crease of his cheek.

No. *Hell* no. George was *not* about to play this game.

Carnal retorts rose like bile against his soft palate as he considered his options. For one, he knew Dream too well- knew his soft spots, his timid spots, his *submissive* spots. The man was a whiny, obedient *puppy* when you knew which buttons to press. Or, maybe George was just the rare exception- a hidden *weakness*. It was so incredibly easy for him to wrap the blond around his finger and tug him to his knees. And Dream knew it too, given the cautious, unsteady waver in his grin.

George let out a reserved exhale before bringing the dildo back into view of the camera lens, into view of *Dream*. As soon as the younger man caught sight of it, the grin on his face slid away. *Predictable*.

“Just because you have a big dick doesn’t give you the right to make me *beg*. If you aren’t gonna show me, I guess I can still settle for this instead. It worked pretty well last night,” George retorted devilishly, bringing the blue tip of the toy to his lips. “You can just watch me then. I don’t mind.”

The harshness of Dream’s swallow carried through the mic. “You don’t mean that.”

Lazily, George shrugged his shoulders, locking eyes with the camera before darting his tongue out to lap at the head. The pink muscle laved around the slit, digging in and massaging the smooth silicone around its groove. Out of the corner of his view, George saw Dream *shudder*. The mouth that had just been painted with a cocky smile had melted into teeth tugging at full lips. It was a lovely sight. George grinned around the dildo as he slid the entire tip into his mouth, providing a few harsh sucks before pulling off again, saliva-soaked tongue continuing to dance along its ridges.

“*Fuck*, George,” Dream keened. His voice sounded deliciously strained.

Just to get a reaction, George pressed delicate, open-mouth kisses along its vast length, hooded eyes catching the bulge in Dream’s sweats twitch. It was *dirty*, and George *thrived* in it. Satisfaction coursed through his veins- he felt as if he were floating on top of the world, with this much power. Carefully, he detached his mouth from his canvas of soft rubber, a trail of spit keeping the two linked. George swiped his tongue across his lip to sever it.

“Dream, baby, I said I want to see you. *All* of you.” The brunet fought the blush in his cheeks as he said it.

But, luckily, that was all it took. All it took for Dream to tumble into the clutches of inevitable obedience and comply. To hastily shove his sweats and boxers to his thighs and *finally* pull out his aching hard cock, reddened angrily at the tip and precum shimmering in the glow of his monitor. Its length slapped against his stomach wetly where his tank had been hiked up, the sheer *weight* of it being felt even through the screen. And George soaked it all in. From the glistening tip to the pulsating veins, to the ridges that he’d felt inside of him, to the flushed head and swollen base. George felt the saliva multiply on his tongue as he stared.

“Like what you see?” Dream waived. His guise to act confident didn’t convince the brunet, although it was a dignified performance. Unlucky for Dream, George had another trick up his

sleeve.

“Mm, course I do, Dream. *God*, I love how big you are... so thick and pretty. Can’t believe I ever doubted you. It filled me up so nicely last night,” George started airily, meaning every word. He could see Dream’s chest puff out as he swelled in pride at the praise. “But... when I said I wanted to see all of you, I meant more than just your dick, baby.”

The satisfied aura Dream had been sporting quickly depleted, instead replaced by an onslaught of timidity- *hesitation*. Doubt stiffened his limbs involuntarily. “What do you mean by that?”

George rolled his eyes. “Your face, duh.”

“*Oh*,” Dream murmured, another flush creeping down his tanned neck. It looked blistering over his freckles, the bright red smothering splatters of dark brown constellations. George couldn’t help but lick his lips again.

And it wasn’t like he’d never seen his face before, because of *course* he had. He’d seen it on many occasions. But never in *this* setting. One that was so exposed and vulnerable, trusting and devoted. George ached to see Dream fall apart, to see his exterior crumble as he was knocked down a peg or two. *Or three*, George thought.

Dream appeared slightly silly, with his large hands nervously fidgeting at the hem of his tank, shyness evident in the way he carried himself, all the while his impressive erection still strained against his abdomen (George laughed internally at the contrast).

He knew the blond thrived off praise, and George wasn’t ashamed to indulge. “Come on, Dream. You’re *hot*, okay? I wanna see you fall apart because of me. I bet you look so pretty and red when you come.” George sent a reassuring (and slightly teasing) smile through the camera, heavy lidded gaze drenched in *want*.

Predictably, Dream went even *redder* before etching a frown into his features. “Okay, *okay*, I get it. No need to kiss my ass,” he grumbled exasperatedly.

George clicked his tongue a few times at that. “Don’t act like you don’t *love* being complimented,” he retorted, “because I *know* you do, Mr. ‘I Totally Don’t Have A Praise Kink’. Besides, I wasn’t ‘kissing your ass’. I meant it.”

Sighing slightly, Dream seemed to surrender, leaning forward to zoom out his lens. Sure enough, after a few moments of readjusting, the blond's scarlet, boyish face finally came into view- strands of messy fringe framing the angles of his eyes and temples, freckles smeared across the bridge of his nose and around his cheeks... George felt his heart stutter. Dream's expression was slightly strained with evident arousal, pupils blown out and lids half-draped, defined planes of his jaw bathed in the soft blue glow from the monitor. He doesn't think he'd ever seen Dream wear an expression like that before. One of desperation and desire.

"Happy now?" Although he sounded disgruntled, George felt his heart sear with affection.

"Very," George said, lifting the toy back to his lips with a coy smile. "I want you to touch yourself now, but with me, okay? Try to match my tempo."

Dream's viridian irises honed in on George's lips as he took the length back into his mouth. Those mirthful brown orbs slid shut in concentration as he slowly began to take the full length. Without consciously noticing, Dream's fist had already migrated southwards- smearing the gathered precum on his tip down the shaft as makeshift lube. He exhaled unevenly as he slowly slid his hand down until it swallowed half his length, the same amount that George currently had shoved down his throat. Then he heard the brunet choke, a wet gagging noise ricocheting through his ears. *God.* With a gasp, the blond's hips involuntarily twitched upwards into the warmth of his palm.

George hastily pulled off, eyes and lashes wet with tears as he coughed a few times to clear his throat. "Fuck, I'm not used to your size *at all*, clearly," he rasped, voice unsteady and rough. "Sorry." He glanced upwards, an embarrassed smile quirked his lips upwards.

"Don't be. That was, um, really hot," Dream responded. In all fairness, George's mishap had somehow managed to make him even *harder*, if even possible. The fingers of his stilled fist twitched with restraint as he held back from pleasuring himself.

With a huff of resolve, the brit prepared himself once more. "Gonna try again."

Before Dream could even process his words, the smaller man had already sunk more than halfway down, hastily inching up once he'd reached his limit. As George steadily built up to a comfortable pace, Dream's hand managed to mimic each action to the best of its ability- stroking in tandem with the downstrokes of the brunet's throat. Petals of pleasure bloomed at his navel, sweeping down the nerves in his limbs until they tingled with endorphins. He couldn't hold back the feverish moan that slipped off his tongue as George sped up, satisfaction licking up his spine as he was allowed to jerk his cock faster. If he focused hard enough, it was almost as if he could feel the ghost of George's lips around him.

A hiss escaped between Dream's teeth. "George, oh my *god, fuck*, you look so good right now," he praised, panting unevenly with each word. To confirm he'd heard him, George hummed affirmatively, teary eyes fluttering open to meet lidded green ones. Dream looked like a *wreck*, and they'd barely done anything.

*Cute*, George noted before pulling off til just the tip was enveloped, swirling his tongue around the head and feeling saliva seep from the corners of his mouth. It dripped onto the bulge in his briefs, which rapidly reminded the brunet of his own unquelled needs. There was already an embarrassingly large wet spot on them, right where the slit of his cock leaked. George soaked in a last few brief moans through his headset before completely coming up for air, lips producing a satisfying *pop* as the sealed suction was abruptly broken. His lips were swollen and shiny from the friction, and he caught the way Dream's eyes narrowed in on them. Cheekily, he swiped his tongue across the focus of the blond's gaze, gathering the leftover spit on his tongue- he was sure to make a big show of swallowing.

George hummed as Dream visibly squirmed in his seat, having to forcefully remove his hand from where it desperately wanted to be. A pleasurable sort of pride flashed through the brunet's chest at the sight. He followed instructions beautifully.

"Good boy," George cooed. His words were met with a whine, caught between humiliation and unbridled lust.

"Don't call me that," Dream stated meekly. "Feels like you're calling me a fucking *dog*." His tear-pricked gaze fell to the floor.

George quirked an eyebrow. "What? You don't like being called a good boy? *My good boy*?" It only made his grin widen in width when the man's cock jumped in response, thighs squeezing together as if to try and hide himself. George barked out a hearty laugh, eyes pinching shut and tapering off into a string of giggles as Dream stared daggers into his skull.

"Oh my *god*, I hate you so much sometimes, George," he groaned, a strange sort of vengeance on his tongue. He visibly shook his head, as though to sweep away the cobwebs in his mind. "But, I mean..." his voice steadied, "if I'm a dog, would that make you a cat?"

George glanced up. And his mind went fuzzy, shock striking through his features to find Dream's hand disobediently back on his length, languidly twisting his wrist as it drug upwards. His jaw dropped with an indignant huff. "*Hey!* I didn't say you could- "

But Dream cut him off. "Yup, a cat. You'd be a feisty little kitten. Oh! Sorry, am I being a *bad*

*dog?*” He forced his voice back into a low, mocking rumble, fighting down the side of him that desperately wanted to give in- to *submit*. Because, truthfully, he didn’t mind handing the reins to George. If anything, he adored the way the man could flawlessly take the lead and make him weak at the knees, despite the fact he was so *damn* short. But right now, he craved to see what he’d heard in the video. The desire was engraved into the marrow of his bones- so saturated it was practically *dripping* through his core. Dream gestured towards the brunet’s lower half vaguely with a free hand. “That looks a little painful, baby. Take off your clothes for me, yeah?”

He felt a small spark of victory as the color in George’s cheeks deepened significantly. He looked like he was caught between desperately wanting to comply or lash out. It made his nose scrunch up, face twisted into a perplexed expression, soft freckles warped as his skin pulled taut. He looked like a constipated bunny. The thought made Dream snicker to himself.

“Okay, listen, I’m gonna take off my clothes, but only because *I* want to,” George grumbled, hastily hooking his fingers under his shirt to pull it up and off.

“ *Sure*, George. Keep telling yourself that.”

As soon as he was freed from the tangle of fabric, George threw it on the carpeted floor and bit out a retort, “*I will*. Because it’s the truth, you egotistical asshole.”

Dream felt his reply die on his tongue as he swept his eyes across the new expanse of pale skin- lightly freckled and tinted rose, soft-looking and lean. He swallowed harshly as he imagined what it’d feel like to hold his waist, to cradle the slimness of his torso between both hands and *squeeze* . He bet the delicate skin would plushly spill over his fingers at the slightest pressure- like a pillow beneath his touch.

“I haven’t even taken off my pants and you already look like you’re gonna jizz yourself,” George teased, taking advantage of the silence while Dream was distracted. The blond seemed to shake himself from his reverie at the words.

“Can you *blame* me? You’re so pretty, George,” he breathed. “I wanna see how much you’d squirm when I hold you down. I feel like you’d really like that, wouldn’t you, um,” Dream paused, a teasing, mirthful edge to his voice as he settled on a word, “ *kitten?* ”

The brunet made a face. “Ew, okay, don’t call me that.”

At his disgruntlement, Dream let out a wheeze, chuckling as George annoyedly glanced away. “Sorry, it only seemed fair after you referred to me as a *dog*.”

George, in turn, slipped his fingers under his waistband, teasingly snapping it just below the jut of his hip bones. “I didn’t refer to you as a *dog*, idiot. I said you were a *good boy*,” he replied as he slowly inched the fabric down his narrow hips. He didn’t miss the way Dream practically salivated at every small advance. “It’s different.”

“N-No it’s... not,” Dream couldn’t help but trail off as George’s cock *finally* sprung free from its restraints, forgotten briefs having been shucked to the floor. He could tell George was slightly nervous, with the way his thighs quivered as they raised to prop his heels onto the edge of his chair. With a shaky exhale, he spread his knees to either side of himself, attempting to smother the anxious blush on his chest by occupying fidgety hands with the bottle of lube. “Oh my *god*, you’re so hot, George.”

A puff of warm air left George’s nose as he slicked up a few fingers, leaning back as far as his chair would allow. If he was supposed to put on a show, he’d at least make it a good one. Cautiously, he trailed the wet hand down between his thighs, circling his entrance a few times and sighing contentedly. Fighting down nerves, he met Dream’s piercing gaze again. “Well? Are you gonna be a good boy and tell me what to do?”

The blond’s eyes widened. “*Oh*, you, um, want *me* to... to tell you what to do... ?” George nodded curtly. “Okay, um. I want you to... finger yourself?” Dream’s face grimaced as the end of the sentence tilted upwards.

“Why did you say that like it’s a question?” George asked breathily, giggling fondly at the perplexed expression Dream wore. Despite his falter, a pale finger complied with his wishes- easily inching inside until the second knuckle. Good. He was still loose from last night. “Come on, Dreamie, I know you can, *ah*, d-do a better job than that.”

Dream couldn’t help but whine at the sight before him, despite feeling humiliated by his minor slip-up. He was undoubtedly enamoured by the man on his screen. Every fibre of his core *screamed* at him to do a good job, to make the smaller man feel so good he couldn’t help but whimper and seethe. Determination settled thickly on his tongue.

“George, p-put another finger in. Move them as fast as you can, baby. Then I want you to touch yourself with your other hand,” Dream gritted out, pausing to lick his lips, “but you can’t come yet.”



And, amazingly, George's entire body absolutely *shook* at the words, knees bowing slightly inwards as his muscles turned to jelly. Without any hesitation, he slid another finger in alongside the first, pumping at a soothing pace until he adjusted properly. Another pale hand slid around his leaking dick, stroking in tandem with the fingers inside him. A saccharine whimper seeped from between bitten red lips. It sounded like honeyed music against Dream's ears.

"*Fuck*, ah, that feels so *good*," George moaned, both hands steadily quickening their pace. "*Dreamm... oh my god...*"

It was fascinating to watch the brit's composure slip and crack into a muddled mess of whines and gasps. So fascinating, in fact, that Dream forgot he was supposed to be getting off too- another flush sweeping across his neck as he realized his hand had gone idle around himself. He intently watched as George's back arched into a particularly deep thrust of his fingers, head laxly falling to the side as he poured his focus into his pleasure.

Dream leaned slightly forward, hovering over his hips, before gathering a thick bundle of saliva at the front of his mouth. Pursing his lips, he let the spit fall onto his cock, dirtily mixing with precum as his fist dragged the substance down its length. George let out the most *attractive* noise he'd ever heard at the display- a cross between a gravelly moan and a sinful whimper.

"You like that, baby?" Dream practically *purred* into the mic, slumping back against the chair. The brunet nodded deliriously. His knees had drawn up even further towards his chest, practically folding himself in half to grant the other a better view.

"Y-Yes, *hah*, that was so fucking *hot*," George whined, "I want you so bad. *So bad.*"

Dream indulgently jerked himself faster. "*Mm*, would you let me spit in that pretty mouth of yours? Swallow it all if I asked you to? "

Pale hips twitched and stuttered at that, simultaneously trying to fuck down onto his fingers and thrust upwards into his palm. "Ah! *Yes!*" George cried. He threw his head back as paper-based fingers brushed his prostate. The curve of his neck contrasted beautifully with the dark padding of the chair. Dream wanted to mar it- use it as a pristine canvas to paint blues and purples onto alabaster. It was a gorgeous sight, and he had to physically squeeze the base of his dick so he wouldn't come on the spot. "*Mmph*, Dr-Dream m'close, 'm so fucking *close* ..."

An unimpressed hum verberated in the blond's throat. "Then stop, like I told you to," he instructed, purposefully bringing his mouth closer to the mic. George let out a pitiful, pained whimper, but still obediently listened- hands halting their movements immediately.

“Y-You’re such an *asshole* .” George’s bottom lip quivered as his body was denied release. He slowly came down from the edge, the shiver in his thighs slowing to a stop. “God, you’re l-lucky your cock’s pretty, or else I’d have left already.”

Dream let out a lighthearted laugh. “Just my cock? Not my face?” he wheezed, feigning hurt and grasping his chest with a hand. “You’re hurting my ego, dude.”

The crease between George’s eyebrows deepened and his nose scrunched in distaste, like he smelled something sour. “Did you just call me *dude*? While we’re having *discord sex*?”

“*George*,” Dream gaped dramatically, “are you implying you can’t have discord sex with the homies?”

The brunet wished he had a clean palm to drag down his face. “Oh my *god*, Dream, you’re such a fucking *idiot*. I will leave *right now* and you can just beat your stupid fat dick off by yourself,” George grumbled, an impatient ache settling in his limbs. He was aghast at how quickly their conversation detoured.

“Oh, so now you think my dick’s stupid? I thought you said it was *pretty*?” Dream responded cheekily, a shit-eating grin smeared across his lips.

With a huff of exaggerated annoyance, George aggressively snatched the blue toy off his desk and uncapped the lube once more. “It’s *both* . Your *stupid*,” George squeezed an excess amount onto his hand, “*fat*,” a fist wrapped around the base, “*pretty*,” he slid the lube upwards, “*perfect* cock that caused this whole *fucking* mess.”

Dream faltered for a moment, the inferno in his abdomen surging back to life as the brunet pumped the replica with the thick coat of liquid in his palm. It was then that he noticed just how *small* his fingers looked, wrapped around it. They could hardly hold the entire thing, and it made Dream’s heart skip a beat involuntarily. It also made his dick leak at the phantom feeling of those same fingers around the real thing, but he tried (and failed) to ignore that.

“So now,” George breathed, locking eyes through the lens, “you’re gonna sit back and fucking *watch* me. I’m gonna fuck myself on your dick and you’re *not* gonna touch yourself until I say. Okay, pretty boy?”

Dream gulped at the demanding edge to his voice, hands automatically moving to grip the armrests, blunt fingernails digging grooves into the polyester. Petaled adoration- *puppy love*-coaxed them to stay in place. He didn't think his mouth worked properly anymore- it had gummed up in the aftermath of George's demands. So, instead, he simply nodded his head, green irises completely replaced by blown out pupils.

"Good boy," he responded approvingly. Dream found himself liking the nickname more this time.

Surprisingly, George stood up, albeit on shaky limbs- spinning the chair 90 degrees to the left, so it faced the adjacent wall instead. At first, Dream was confused, eyebrows drawing together to furrow the skin between. That is, until the brunet turned away from the desk and *bent over* the armrests and seat.

The blond let loose a tortured moan at the sight- George's ass on full display, cock wet and heavy between thin spread legs, the curve of his back exaggerated as he leaned down to prop himself up on the seat of the chair. "Figured you'd appreciate a new angle, Dreamie."

But he couldn't speak, not when his mouth was as dry as sandpaper, heavy length pulsing where it rested against his abdomen. Instead, he forced a pathetic whine through the barrier of his clamped-up throat. It was all he could muster in the moment. With a spark of impatience, George *finally* brought the head of the toy to his entrance, grinding its slick shaft between the crease of his ass a few times, just to tease. Shaky legs spread even further apart, lowering his chest until it almost brushed the cushion of the seat.

He felt so deliciously on display like this. So *desirable*. The coil of heat in his core seared through his limbs, so sharp it lifted the hair on the back of his neck. Glancing over his shoulder, he merged brown with cloudy green as he slowly started to push the dildo inside. A long groan filtered through his lips. He'd already forgotten how *big* Dream was.

"*George*, h-holy *shit*." The blond sounded completely *wrecked*- winded and unsteady as George's rim ever-so-gently swallowed up the length of silicone.

When the toy was completely seated inside him, George's arm gave out that was propping him up, cheek and shoulders mashed against the seat of his chair while the armrest dug into his hip bones. He could hardly *stand*. Hardly *breathe*, he felt so full. The toy was pressed snug against his prostate, stuffing his head with cotton and blurring his vision- it felt like bliss. Like *heaven*. And with a set of eyes on him, it felt as if he could die on the spot.

"*Full*," George whined, digging his head deliriously into the seat, "s-so fucking *full*. Oh m-my

*god* , you're so *big*... ”

He faintly heard the hitch of Dream's breath, if it wasn't uneven as it is already. “You're taking me so well, *fuck*, *George*. You look so *good* bent over like that.”

A large drop of precum fell from George's reddened tip, drooling messily onto the discarded briefs beneath him. Dream eyed it with unrestrained hunger. After adjusting for a few seconds, the brunet slowly inched the toy out, digging his toes into the carpet to ground himself. Teeth gritted, he left just the tip in, taking in the minuscule moans echoing in his ears. All at once, he *slammed* the dildo all the way back in. A loud cry fell from George's lips, drool seeping from the side of his mouth and soaking the fabric beneath his cheek.

“ *Fuck!* I-I- oh my *god* , *hah*, D-Dream!”

After that, he set a fast pace, pumping the toy until his knees started to weakly bend towards each other, weight settling where they met, just to have something else to lean on. Plush thighs squeezed pressure onto his cock, and the friction felt *heavenly*.

Behind him, Dream was squirming and twitching in his seat, fingernails practically *clawing* at the armrests as he held back from touching himself. He felt like he was *boiling* beneath his tanned skin- overheated and clammy. The weight between his legs pulsed everytime George slid the toy inside himself. It was so incredibly *easy*, this way, to imagine his cock taking the place of the replica. To envision the way George's walls would clamp down around him, warm and alive and *perfect*. So much better than the audio he'd been listening to on repeat. A string of moans fell from George's lips, muffled where they were pressed against the chair's surface.

Dream couldn't take it anymore- his composure was absolutely *gone*. “George, *please please please*, oh my *god*, please let me touch myself, *please!*” Dream panted loudly, feeling out of breath despite the lack of exertion.

George could barely process the words through the fog in his mind, but he managed to lift himself up *just enough* to where he could answer. “H-Hold on, *fuck* , *hah* , w-wanna see you...” Hastily, the smaller man pulled the dildo out with a wince, turning around on quivering legs and swiveling the chair to face the desk once more. He practically collapsed into his old position, struggling to lift his legs onto the seat. “Oh my *god*. I can barely f-fucking move,” George whimpered. There were tear tracks staining his rose-red cheeks, lashes wet and lips slicked with spit. They were chewed to holy hell and back, plump and angry.

He pressed the tip back into himself, head weakly lolling to the side and blearily sparing a glance

at the blond who stared back. He didn't look any better. Desperation chained behind forest green eyes, sweat beaded at his temples, face and neck painted in a myriad of pinks and reds. *So pretty.* "G-Go ahead, Dreamie. Wanna see you come f-for me."

Almost immediately, Dream let a large, calloused hand wrap around himself, brokenly moaning at the friction. His hips started thrusting into the warmth of his palm as George began pumping the toy again. He might've been embarrassed at how close he was already, but he couldn't bring himself to *care*, as he watched the boy on his monitor fall apart, split open on *his* cock. Groans fell like a mantra from his lips as he dug his thumb under the sensitive part of his head on each upstroke, twisting his wrist at the tempo George set, a whole ocean away.

George felt as if he were drowning, as he watched Dream's face with rapt attention. He couldn't seem to look away from his beautifully scrunched up, flustered, blissed-out expression, adoration in his eyes as he greedily soaked in George's movements.

"S-So pretty, George, *god*, wish I was there to take care of you," Dream said, fist speeding up as the heat in his belly pooled lower, "I'd make you feel so good, baby. Kiss you all over and h-hold you up when you can't stand anymore."

The brunet *whimpered*, breathing hard as he dug his heels harder into the chair cushion. The slick sound of silicone and lube against skin echoed through his room, bouncing off walls and mixing with the smell of sex. It made his nerves fry as his senses were bombarded all at once. He could feel his release bubbling in his stomach- a tar pit of arousal and pleasure that seemed bottomless. "*D-Dream... haah... m'close again...*"

"Me t-too, *fuck*," Dream informed. George watched as the blond stuck two fingers in his mouth with haste, tongue darting out to curl around the pads and coat all sides evenly. They eventually popped out, wet and slick, gliding down his torso to where his other one pumped his length. Thin sweats were completely kicked the rest of the way off as the wet digits teased the sensitive skin of his rim, all the while keeping the pace on his cock steady. Dream felt like he was floating with the additional stimulation. "*F-Fuck-*" Slowly, he eased a corded finger inside, entire body twitching, overwhelmed as his legs spread further apart to accommodate. "*Fuck, fuck... George- oh my g-god! So good...*"

The brunet didn't think he'd seen anything so *hot* in his life. It was enough to disrupt the tempo of his thrusts on the toy, becoming sporadic as Dream's display slowly pushed him to the edge. Blooming buds of magma crept tendrils through his bloodstream and nerves, curling toes and beating his heart faster.

"Holy *shit*, Dream," George gasped, "you're so *hot*, so h-hot, 'm gonna come, *please please, fuck-*"

Just as Dream slid his second finger in, George dug his free hand's thumb into his slit, locking bleary eyes with the man a half a world away. He felt privileged to watch as Dream's exterior absolutely *shattered* like intricate stained glass, hot tears swelling up over the sides of his lids and falling in fat droplets down his freckled cheeks. The man let a broken, rattling *sob* shake his chest and shoulders as his fingers pumped hard and fast inside of him.

"S-Such a good boy, Dreamie, *hah*, so *good*, so *big*, so *perfect*," George praised. "You're s-so *gorgeous* like this, wanna kiss you, *mmh*, so b-bad."

Another wordless sob wracked the blond's body, cock twitching at the words and tips of thick fingers nailing his prostate on each stroke. "Gonna come, *George*, 'm gonna come, *f-fuck*-" Dream cut himself off with a groan. It was as if lightning had struck him down- white hot pleasure bathing his skin with flecks of gold and melting his insides. Stars painted the backs of his lids as he *finally* spilled white over his fingers and up his chest, breaths ragged and torn as he pumped himself through it.

And George absolutely *lost it*. Lost it at the way sinful moans and whines fell like waterfalls from rosy lips, the way cherry seared over tanned, freckled skin, the way the white on his fist contrasted with the dark background of his tank top. The brunet came *hard*- Dream's name shuddering breathily from his mouth like an uncorked bottle, the dildo nestled *right* against the bundle of nerves deep within him. White ropes of come glistened on his bare chest, some dripping down his chin with how powerful his orgasm had been.

Both men breathed headily into their mics, panting as they came off their highs. Lightheaded and exhausted, they individually gathered their senses. The otherwise calmness of the atmosphere settled comfortably on their skin.

A sheepish grin crept onto George's lips as he pulled the toy out, looking away as an embarrassing noise escaped the tightness of his throat. There was an aching, empty feeling left in its absence.

"That was... *wow*," Dream muttered, completely out of it. He'd long-since pulled his hands out from between his thighs as overstimulation took over. Instead, he laid boneless in his seat, slumped back as his face slowly returned to normal color.

George huffed a weak laugh through his nose. "Yeah, *wow*." He grabbed his discarded towel from his shower and wiped his chest clean, grimacing at the sticky feel of come smearing across skin. "You have *such* a way with words, Dream." Sarcasm dripped from his lips like sweet honey, lighthearted around the edges.

But the blond didn't have the energy to argue. He just hummed, eyes slipping shut as he basked in the afterglow. George tugged on a clean pair of pajamas, wincing as a lick of pain shot up his lower back. “*Fuck*, I can barely walk. You wrecked me and you're not even here.”

Dream made a sleepy *tch* noise. “Tha's wha' you get for shovin' my dick mold up your ass...” he paused to yawn obnoxiously, “*two* days inna row...”

“Dream you better not fall asleep right now, I swear to *god*,” George scoffed.

A green iris peeked out from under his lid. “Wha'ddya mean...? Why not?”

The brunet double checked that there wasn't any bodily fluids left on his seat before sitting down again. He made a distressed noise. “*Dream*, your damn *dick* is still out.”

Said man lazily glanced downwards, shrugged, and let his neck go lax again. “I'll take care of it in th' mornin'...”

“You're such an idiot! It's literally still morning in Florida,” George grumbled, checking the time on his phone. “You're gonna be pissed if you wake up with dried come all over yourself. Get up, change your clothes, put your dick away, and *then* we can sleep call.”

Dream, predictably, perked up like an excited puppy at that. A toothy grin split across his face. “Aww, you wanna sleep call wit' me, Georgie?”

“*Not when your dick is out!*” George threw his arms in the air, grumbling exasperated curses under his breath. “God, you're impossible. Call me back when you're done.”

Dream's stupidly handsome smirk only widened at the brit's mounting frustration. “Okayyy, wha'ever you say, kitten,” he purred.

“*Bye!*”

“Wh-”

George hastily hung up before Dream could finish, carding his fingers through his hair as he moved to lay in bed and wait for a call that may never come.

Surprisingly, Dream somehow managed to complete his tasks, collapsing onto his sheets and calling George immediately after. At the end of the day, the man was still an obedient *simp*. They chatted drowsily with each other about everything and nothing, swaddled in the warmth of their individual comforters, desperately wishing they could be under the same one. Knowing full well their sleep schedules would be even more fucked than they already were, they talked for hours anyway. Because they didn't mind, as long as they were still synched. The whole call was strangely domestic, despite what they'd just finished doing.

And when Dream inevitably drifted off to sleep, George listened to- *cherished*- the way his breathing petered out into a soft snore. They probably should've talked about what exactly they *were* after the events of the day, but there would always be time for that. George let the sickly sweet noises that filtered through his phone lull him into slumber.

He was content to worry about everything later. Somehow he knew they'd be fine. Like they'd always would be.

At least he didn't have to wonder if Dream had a big dick anymore.

## Chapter End Notes

And that's the stupid ending I came up with !

I think it's kinda funny lol like "yup. dream has a big dick. mystery solved."

Anyway be sure to check out my other fic if you like my writing! ^\_^ (which I think should show up below this... if it doesn't just go to previous chapters and look at the end notes lol)

Thanks once again for you support !! You're all lovely ! <3

## End Notes



My [other fic](#) in case you want to check it out!

My [Twitter :\)](#)

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